Mar. My thankes ſweet Madame. Is the winde Weſterly that blowes?

Leon. South-weſt.

Mar. When I was borne, the winde was North.

Leon. Waſt ſo?

Mar. My father, as Nurſe ſaith, did never feare, but cried good ſea-men to the Saylers, gailing his Kingly hands hailing ropes, and claſping to the Maſt, endured a ſea that almoſt burſt the decke.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was borne, never was waves nor winde more violent, and from the ladder tackle, waſhes off a canvas clymer, ha, ſaith one, wilt out? and with a dropping induſtry they skip from ſterne to ſterne: the Boat-ſwaine whiſtles, and the Maſter calls and trebles their confuſion.

Leon. Come, ſay your prayers.

Mar. What meane you?

Leon. If you require a little ſpace for prayer, I grant it, pray, but be not tedious, for the gods are quicke of eare, and I am ſworne to doe my worke with haſte.

Mar. Why, will you kill me?

Leon. To ſatisfie my Lady.

Mar. Why would ſhe have me kild now? as I can remember by my troth, I never did her hurt in all my life. I never ſpake bad word, nor did ill turne to any living creature: beleeve me now, I never kild a Mouſe, nor hurt a Flie: I trod upon a worme once againſt my will, but I wept for it. How have I offended, wherein my death might yeeld her any profite, or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My Commiſſion is not to reaſon of the deed, but doo't.

Mar. You will not doo't for all the world, I hope: you are well favoured, and your lookes fore-ſhew you have a very gentle heart, I ſaw you lately when you caught hurt in parting two that fought: good-ſooth it ſhewd well in you, doe ſo now, your Lady ſeekes my life, come you betweene, and ſave poore me the weaker.

Leon. I am ſworne, and will diſpatch.

Enter

Enter T

Pirat. 1. Hold villaine.

Pirat. 2. A prize, a prize.

Pirat. 3. Halfe part mates, h
board ſodainly.

Enter L

Leon. Theſe roguing theeve
and they have ſeized *Marina*,
will returne: Ile ſweare ſhee's
but Ile ſee further, perhaps the
on her, not carry her aboard, i
Whom they have raviſht, muſ

Enter the

Pander. Boult.

Boult. Sir.

Pander. Search the market
lants, wee loſt too much mone
leſſe.

Baud. We were never ſo m
poore three, and they can do n
with continuall action, are eve

Pander. Therefore lets have
them, if there be not a conſcie
ſhall never proſper.

Baud. Thou ſaiſt true, tis
ſtards, as I thinke I have brou

Boult. I to eleven, and brou
But ſhall I ſearch the market?

Baud What elſe man? the ſt
blow it to peeces, they are ſo p

Pander. Thou ſaiſt true, the
ence, the poore *Tranſilvania*
baggedge.

Boult. I, ſhe quickly poupt

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22339) LONDON, 1635 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.